IronWatch

Issue
17

Staff

Aaron Leahy — "Sardonic Wolf"
Aaron Magno—"sewersaint"
Alex Visentin — "reVenAnt"
Alistair Moore—"platemail"
Andy Beckett—"Needles"
Arthur Monteath-Carr—"Owesome"
Austin Peasley — "darkPrince010"
Bil — "Orcsbain"
Boris Samec — "Thane Bobo"
Chris Cousen—"Mister C"
Chris Livingstone—"stlwarrior"
Chris Schlumpberger—"Darkover"
Claudia Zuminich "Cornonthecob"
Daniel - "Darklord"
Daniel King
Doug Newton-Walters — "Hellebore"
"Dusty"
E. McIlraith — "Crow"
Grant Mahoney
Giuseppe Aquino—"Walac"
Ian Powell "imm0rtal reaper"
Jack Evans — "ManticfanboyLAD"
Jason Flint—"Weedy Elf"
Joe Ketterer
John Hoyland— "katzbalger"
Jonathan Faulkes
Jonathan Hicks — "jontheman"
Jonathan Peace
Kenny Moncrieff "left64"
"Maccwar"
Mark Relf "MArtyDagger"
Mark Smith — "scarletsquig"
Matt—"Dustcrusher"
Matt Gilbert — "mattjgilbert"
Matthäus Mieczkowski — "Max Jet"
Matt I. — "JoV"
Maxwell McDougall — "Lord Marcus"
Michael DeFranco — "MDSW" "Nathan"
Neil Dixon
Nick Williams—"Daedle" "Osbad" "Panda"
Paul Scott
Pete Kijek — "Pathfinder Pete McF" "puggimer"
"Rogue General Hunter"
Ryan Shaw — "The Dire Troll"
Sharad Vora
Shane Baker — "Shaneimus" "Skolo" "Sneaky Chris"
Steicy Jourdan
Stuart Smith — "Merlin" "Sukura636" "TSNC"
Vincent Pascaud

ABYSSAL TIDINGS

A Message from the Editor

Happy holidays everyone!

As we welcome 2014 with our newest edition of the IRONWATCH magazine, we would like to encourage you to spread the word about us. Tell your friends about our site, and offer suggestions on the forums or blog about how we can improve the magazine to better suit you, the reader.

For those budding authors, generals, and artists out there, don't feel shy about submitting content to us! We're more than happy to take everything from tutorials to advice columns, and from stories to photos of the little men/women/goblinoids you're proud to lead across the tabletop.

Just shoot us an email at winslows010@yahoo.com, or PM us on the Mantic forums to learn more about how you can help contribute to this fan-made magazine.

As always, whether you're a new reader or a long-time supporter, thanks for reading, and Welcome to the Watch!

-Austin

Cover art by "MArtyDagger"
Title art by Mark Smith

Please note that, while we here at **Ironwatch** *attempt to deliver you the best products and ideas we can, we cannot guarantee the balance of any scenarios or special rules presented herein. If you find any errors, grammar mistakes, or rule imbalances, please contact us on the Mantic Forums (Look for the discussion labeled "Ironwatch Issue X Feedback") and let us know what we could do to improve your fan-produced magazine. If you are interested in writing, illustrating, or editing for our magazine, please let us know on the feedback discussion as well so you can get in on the action!*

All models used in this publication are from the respective author's own personal collections, and any models displayed herein are not intended to challenge the status of the copyrights of their respective owners. All rights are reserved to their respective owners.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

IRONWATCH

Iron Forge 4

KINGS OF WAR

Forging the Iron Brock, by Neil Dixon 12

Kings of War—Orc Hut, by Andy Beckett 16

Kings of War Tactica, by Daniel “Darklord” King 20

Painting Wip the Half-Cast and the Sniveling Tide, by Darren Lysenko 26

WARPATH

The Ledger, Part 1, by “Owesome” 34

The Iron Forge

This month in the Iron Forge, we're proud to present:

- Christian Schlumpberger with a phenomenal dragon relaxing on an unfortunate tower
- Ian Powell with a brilliant Deadzone Mercenary and Dreadball MVP
- Matt Gilbert with a stunning Goblin Wiz
- Our new painter, Steicy Jourdan, and her fantastic Blue-Ring Octopus Nameless MVP from Dreadball
- Vincent Pascaud with his grisly take on the Dreadball MVP Number 88

Again, welcome to our new painter Steicy Jourdan, and keep an eye out for more incredible paint jobs like this in the Iron Forge in the coming months!

By Paul Scott

Christian Schlumpberger

IAN POWELL

IAN POWELL

Matt Gilbert

I returned to the second of the goblin command characters this month, the Wiz. I wanted to do something a little different with him (or her — you really can't tell) and so opted for a half-and-half color scheme on both hat and robes. I also went for a color you don't often see on war gaming miniatures: pink.

I don't actually own a pink (well, a very strong, almost luminescent one but nothing like what I wanted), and so the color I used

MATT GILBERT

was very simply white and red mixed together. You only need a small amount of red in the white, and it's very easy to add too much and create too strong a shade.

I used both Army Painter and GW washes this time, sometimes for shading, sometimes to stain already highlighted areas to adjust their color. The familiar at the model's feet has a matching half-and-half scheme on its hat, but looking at it now, I should have done it the other way round (reversed where the pink and blue are) to give more balance to the overall piece from the front.

Steicy Jourdan

VINCENT PASCAUD

So, here's my take on Number 88 !

I always found the model quite spooky, I mean, what's behind the mask? IS IT a mask? Is it a male, a female? Neither? So I wanted to use that spookiness, and got carried on a gory path. At first I really just had the idea of giving him an organic look. I painted his armor with flesh tones, and the veins seemed a cool addition. When I started to paint muscles, I felt this was becoming quite disturbing. The final addition was the X-Ray backpack. Yep, you can see within him/her while he/she plays.

The head is just white, as a simple bone.

Fully painted Iron Brock

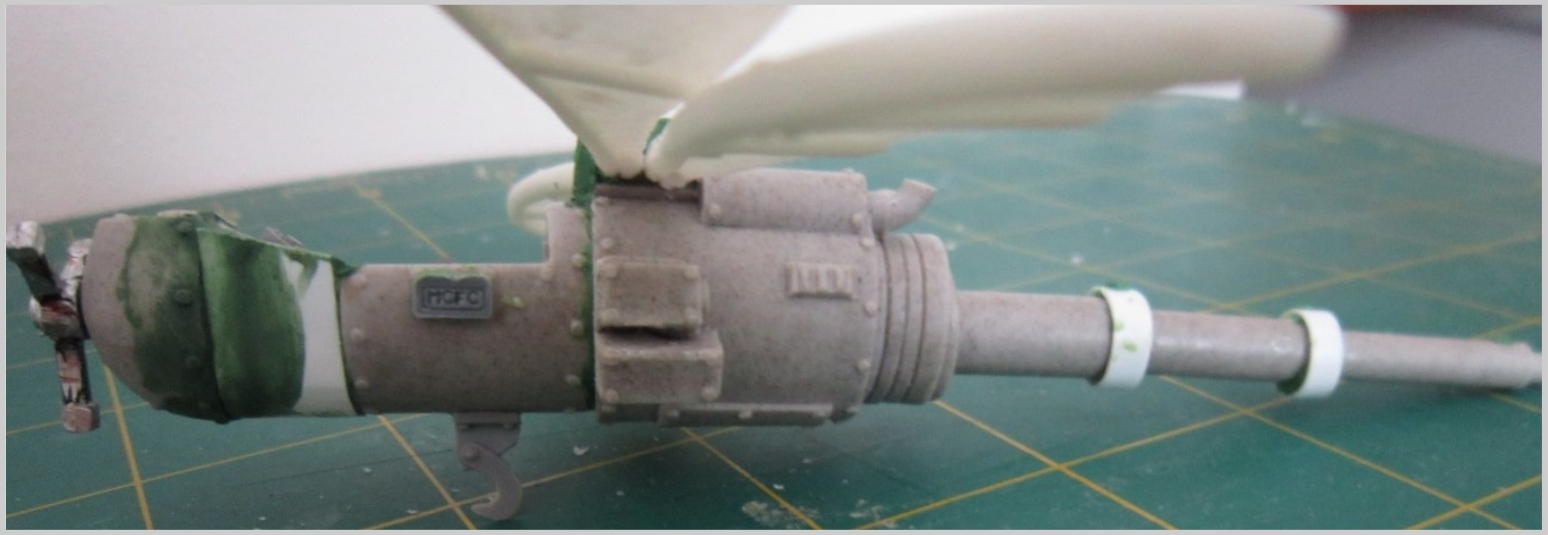
Forging the Iron Brock – Dwarf Hero in Kings of War

By Neil Dixon

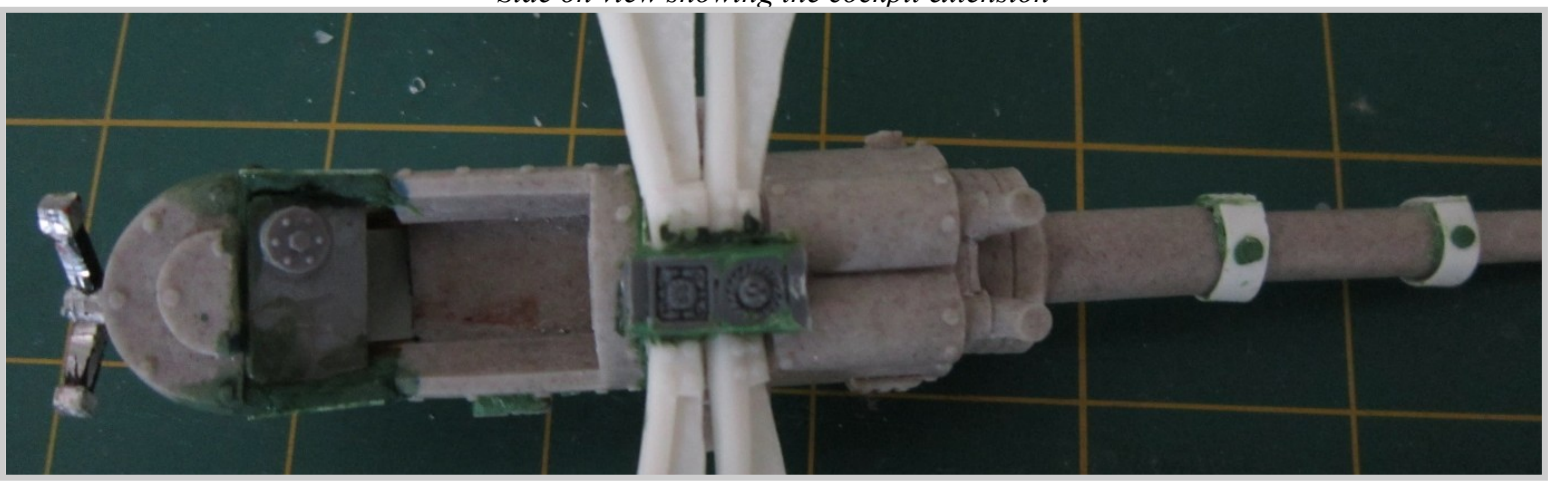
No other race can rival the Dwarf Warsmiths' ability to forge weapons of war, and their creative imagination to experiment with black powder technology. Weird and wonderful war machines are in the Dwarf army list, including the Organ Gun, and Flame Belcher Cannon. Here I present an overview of my Dwarf flying machine, including the model, background and rules for my Dwarf flying machine. Named the 'Iron Brock', I designed this for a narrative Kings of War campaign.

I used a modified Tobsen77.de Miniaturen model. Although designed for 20th Century warfare, I thought the model was an ideal fit for Mantica with its insect like wings and minimal styling. The resin kit required very little clean up, and the snug fitting parts were simple to assemble. The plane came with a pilot, but I needed a Dwarf that would fit in with my Kings of War army. Unfortunately, the Mantic Dwarf miniatures were too large and looked out of place

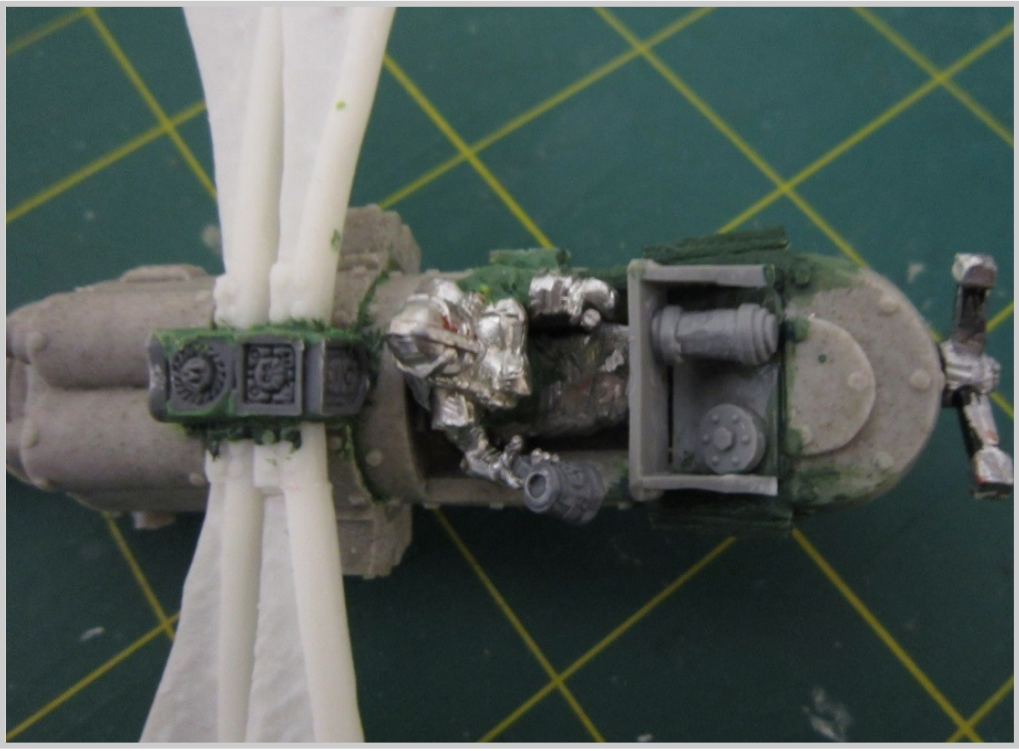
Ogres attempt to take down the flying machine



Side on view showing the cockpit extension



Top down view showing embellishments to the tail



The female Dwarf pilot and cockpit controls

compared to the size of the plane. I used the torso of a female Dwarf standard bearer from Reaper miniatures, glued to the seated legs of the pilot which came with the plane.

I modified the plane by extending the cockpit, gluing on banner tops from the Dwarf plastic spruce, and added some embellishments and rivets to give the plane a fantasy theme.

Using a very simple black and silver color scheme, I achieved the worn effect around the engines by using weathering powders. With the addition of a flying base, it was all set for the battlefield.

Unit size	Mo	Ra	Me	Def	Att	Ne
1	10	5+	5+	6+	3	13/15

Rules

Gawan - Piloting the Iron Brock [1] Hero

Special: *Fly, Encumbered, Bombs, Break off, Dismay*

Encumbered. The model has a 360 degree vision and is treated as if they have the Individual special rule during Melee. The model can make up to two 45 degree turns during a Move action. If an Encumbered model declares an At the Double or Charge action, it may only move in a straight line.

Bombs. Bombs have a range of 6" and count as Indirect fire with no minimum range penalty. Roll to hit using the model's range characteristic. A successful hit is resolved at blast D6.

Break off. In the model's own turn following melee, the model may act as normal, including choosing used ranged attacks or declare a Move action.

Dismay. Mounted models suffer an additional -1 nerve in melee from a model with this special rule.

The story of how Heilyn foiled the invasion of Amalleberga's Goblin horde with the largest explosion ever to rock Cwl Gen always precedes him. What he fails to tell fellow Dwarfs of his Cailleach Clan is that he was conducting experiments into a new, fast burning, highly explosive, liquid compound, and he blew up his lab purely by accident.

He turned this mishap to his advantage, as he was able to win the favour of Aneirin, the Cailleach's leader, for as much gold and metal he desired to continue conducting his wild experiments.

Recreating his processes and methods from memory, he had turned his hand to the machinery the compound could fuel. Vast digging machines and explosives were adapted to use the fuel to mine precious stones and gold with efficient, and devastating effect.

Heilyn was a visionary Dwarf. Although mining and wealth came naturally to his peers, he saw great benefit from the

By "Dusty"

freedom of the sky. He had watched, captured and studied flying creatures to see how he could harness flight. Years of experimentation passed, and he built two prototype flying machines that utilized his fuel compound. One, built in the shape of a bird, was a flying machine that flew as fast as a Brock could ride. His other masterpiece, a blimp, had a more deliberate flying speed. Unfortunately, Heilyn met a nasty end, suffering devastating burns whilst piloting his third prototype he was working on at the time.

Heilyn took his secrets to the grave, but Gawan was his most able apprentice and has been trying to replicate the experiments and improve on his devices ever since his death. When not in the forge, the she-Dwarf can be seen scouting the mountain ranges of Cwl Gen for enemies or gold seams and occasionally pilots her contraption in battle when the Cailleach Clan need mobility and the capacity to frighten the enemy. ▪

By Christian Schlumpberger

Kings of War Orc Hut!

By Andy Beckett

Having for many years been drawn towards those nasty little Orcs and Goblins, I decided to build myself a bit of scenery to go with my ever increasing green army. I wanted to make a small piece that would serve as an objective and also appear as an eye catching bit of scenery. It was intended to be used with 40K, and so I've detailed it as such but having recently seen the light, it now takes pride of place among my Mantic green skins.

My shopping list comprised of:

- Stiff card (cereal packet in my case). (Tip) Black or dark brown card will save you having to paint the interior later.
- 1 x A4 sheet of dark brown extra thick Mulberry paper (used by card makers, tears to leave a feathered edge and looks great when dry brushed thanks to it's rough texture.
- Pieces of plastic sprue to makeup rough timber used to create door frames and roof supports.
- Cocktail or BBQ sticks
- Bits from your bitz box to decorate hut to you own taste (or distaste)
- Paints, brushes, glues, paper clips, scissors, tweezers etc.

At the risk of offending some, I am afraid Orcs do not exist or at least, I have never seen one. So it's safe to say that Orc buildings do not exist either. This is a good thing because it grants you license to create your Orc dwelling however you wish. This said, it makes sense that the chosen Orc can physically enter the dwelling and move around once inside. To this end I would not be too particular about exact measurements.

Main Section:
Cut a rectangular shaped strip of stiff cardboard and overlap the ends. Glue with white PVA or similar, and use a couple of paperclips to hold in place whilst drying. Once dry, cut the opening for a doorway roughly to the size of your Orc. Now at the top edge, make small vertical cuts with scissors roughly every 10mm (half inch). bend the tabs out, these will attach to the roof section later.

Roof Section:
Out of the remaining card, cut out a circle shape larger than the diameter of the hut. Make a cut from the edge to the centre and form a flat cone shape suitable to use as the hut roof. It's more a 'if it looks right use it' method than exact science. When you are happy with the look and shape, glue and hold with paperclips until dry. When dry, glue roof to main hut section with PVA or similar. Use paperclips to hold the roof section to the tabs you made on the main section. If your hut looks a bit lopsided, don't worry, Orcs don't use spirit levels other than to whack each other with!

Covering:
Roughly tear a number of small square pieces of Mulberry paper. Dry brush with a earth color. I used Bestial Brown, but it does not greatly matter. A dry brush of a tan shade makes for a good Orc-ish

look. Finish with Bleached Bone, lightly dry brush the feathered edges and raised areas on the paper to create the highlights, and then give the whole piece a liberal wash. The idea is to make each piece look like a separate hide or skin. When dry, PVA glue the pieces to the main section working from the ground up. Start around the doorway area and tease some of the paper across to give an ragged edge.

Do the same with the roof, layering one piece over the last until the whole hut is covered. Put on the kettle and leave to dry; stand back and admire your handy work.

Timber Work:

The one thing that looks most like wood is er, well, wood, and the good news is there's plenty of different size twigs lying around

under trees. Oh, and they are free! Cut and shaped, they can look very effective when used as upright supports, door frames and the obligatory tree stump with an axe. Another method and one I use is to hack at a piece of sprue with a blade to form a rough length of gnarled wood. Carve into it a grain pattern using a sharp point and paint. I prime in black then dry brush with a light brown. Highlight with a mix of light brown an cream. When dry, give a good wash of Devlan Mud. The sprue can now be rough cut into suitable lengths to create posts and joists. To replicate spikes or nail heads in the wood, paint a very thin piece of plastic rod silver, and with a sharp blade, cut it up into 2mm lengths. Using tweezers, attach these to the prepared sprue with superglue and

dab with silver paint. I also use plastic sprue to make spear staves by using a razorblade to round off the squared edges until a suitable shape is achieved. Glue on the spearhead and paint.

Decorate:
Now comes the fun part; let your imagination go mad or if like me you suffer at this point, plagiarize!

Mantic armies come with loads of all the extra bits and pieces you get like multiple weapons, shields, body parts etc. Paint up a selection to add to your hut. I have added cocktail sticks to the sides and roof of my hut as defense measures against large enemy forces. Tip: Make pilot holes to push the stick through the hut from the inside. This looks more realistic.

Base:
Add your hut to a base. I used foam board, but scrap pieces of MDF or stiff board are good also. Try using a 'free' cd or DVD. Once on its base, you can decorate with gravel and grass and make a mini diorama. The options are limited by imagination only.

Research:
Research using the ‘net, forums and 'how to' guides. I struggle to come up with original ideas but know what I like when I see it. With many influences, your hut will not look out of place and yet retain an original style.

VERY IMPORTANT:
It has to be fun; this isn't rivet counting as with model railways. It's fantasy, so anything goes. Enjoy what you do and be proud of your efforts. ▪

KINGS OF WAR TACTICA

By Daniel "Darklord" King – UK National Champion

King's of War is a simple game, but like Chess, even a simple game has various strategies that can help you win. Winning takes a combination of luck and skill, but by playing skilfully, you can make the luck factor less important. Winning consistently in KoW requires you to skew the odds in your favor , and this can be done in various ways. I'll go through some of them here.

Army:

Before you go anywhere, have a think about what style of game you like to play. Personally, I'm not so keen on gunline armies (those with a lot of War Engines that mostly sit still), so I will tend to focus on combat and maneuvering, and my army lists will reflect this.

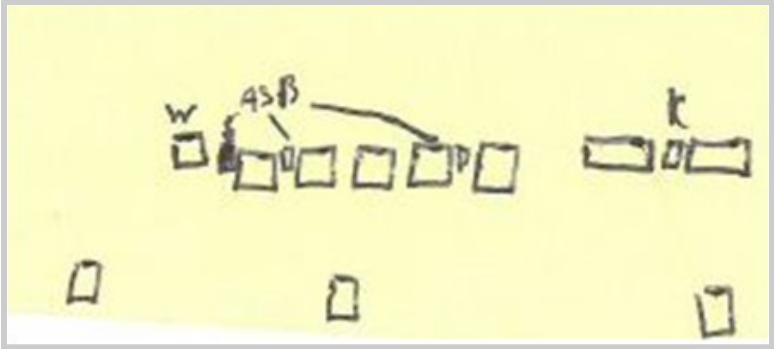
Army List:

The game can often be won or lost before you even start playing. When I make an army, I envision a purpose for each and every unit. I know how it is intended to be used, and I work out combinations of units that together stand a good chance of destroying the enemy. Think about what you are likely to face, and if you have something in your army to deal with it.

Sketch Deployment:

Make a battle plan/deployment map. I sketch down roughly where each unit will go. Knowing this ensures each unit will be inspired at the start of the game, and it saves me time for timed tournament games. Of course, the exact deployment may change depending on terrain or if your opponent is castling their entire army in one corner of the battlefield.

Here's one I did quite simply on a post it for my 1K Undead army. (I won the Mantic open day tournie with it)



3 Balefires at the back, Zombie and Ghouls alternating in the center, two Revenant Knights troops on the flanks with a Revenant King in between, Army Standard Bearers interspersed and a Werewolf on the edge.

Of course terrain will change things but having a plan in mind really helps.

Terrain:

Make sure you discuss this before then game begins. Make sure you know what everything is, because deciding in advance removes uncertainty during the game. Consider how it can be used to your advantage; for example I will often make good use out of woods. It's a perfect place for a unit like Zombies/Spearmen to lurk, making it tougher for enemy cavalry to get to

them (Particularly when guarding an objective). If there's a large impassable boulder, use it to guard your unit's flank.

Objectives:
If the game is Objective based, place them carefully. If you have an offensive mobile army, you want to place them in the center. If you army is defensive it'd be great to have them on your side of the table. Don't assume you will win the roll off for table sides, so again, central can be safer, or simply place objectives on both sides of the battlefield (of course then there will be some you won't be able to contest).

Table Side/Going First:
If you win the roll off, look carefully at both sides and think about which objectives (if any) you will be able to hopefully hold by the end of the game. Choosing to go first or not depends on what's in both your armies versus the scenario. For Objective games it is beneficial to go last as you then get the final chance to grab the objectives. On the flip side, if your opponent has a lot of War Engines, then going first means one less turn of firing before you can rout them (You did bring something fast to take care of War Engines right?). If I am facing a fast cavalry army, I will often let them go first. They will

usually just lurk outside your charge range anyhow for a while, so you may as well let them waste a turn. On the other hand, I sometimes like to throw a fast unit forward somewhere on the flank to make opponents think. Werewolves are perfect for this. The more thinking your opponent has to do, the better, especially in a timed game.

Combat Groups:

Winning combat in Kings of War is all about getting a local superiority. Rarely are one on one fights decisive, so instead you need to throw as much into one unit as possible. If you fail to rout the enemy, you will be locked into place and could potentially be counter charged or even flanked.

What I do is design groups of units that fight together, where possible. For example, in the diagram on page 20, you see my two Knights troops fight side by side with the Revenant King supporting them. If anything comes with 16" of them all, then all three will charge and hopefully do enough damage to rout the enemy unit. That being the case, one Musician for the entire group is enough. Don't waste points on more than that. Also if the enemy comes close enough, I will consider sending one troop of Knights into the front and using Dark Surge to put the other unit into the enemies flank.

Bait and Kill:

A canny player will sometimes let you charge their units with just one of yours. They are

trying to get you to charge piecemeal. I do this all the time. People will often see a charge and go “Oooh!” and charge into their downfall. Sometimes even if you can charge in and rout the enemy, this will leave your unit surrounded and liable to be flanked whichever way they turn. On the flip side, this is what you should try to do you opponents!

Peel the Enemy Army:
Think of them as an orange. Work from the outside in, and try to take out fast flanking units first. Then your units can turn and put increasing pressure on their center as you begin to roll their flank. Classic military tactics work!

Inspiring:
ALWAYS keep a source of inspiring near every unit you own if at all possible. It helps protect you from bad luck. I like one source per 400 pts or so (2-3 for 1K, 3-5 for 1.6K+ etc.). By the same token, if you can remove your opponents inspiring, you stand a much better chance of routing the enemy.

Combat & Overkill:
Never send just enough units in to kill the enemy. If you roll badly, you will lose the combat and possibly the game. Instead, throw as much as you possibly can in. Better to rout one unit rather than moderately damage two. The same applies with shooting. Don’t damage lots of units, but instead concentrate on decimating one until the roll to rout is at least six or preferably

less. This depends on how critical it is that you rout the enemy and if they have inspiring nearby.

If you cannot send enough units in to all but guarantee a rout, then you need to consider the ramifications of failing to rout the enemy. Will that set your unit up to be flanked and wiped out next turn? If so, maybe you can guard that flank. Try to think ahead.

Combat Order:
Always think the order of combats through. Try to wipe out inspiring units first (I forget all the time!), as then they won't be able to inspire others. Sometimes the facing of a unit after combat will depend on how a different unit does, so do the riskiest more important combats first.

After Combat:
Ensure you face your unit the way you want it to face. Do this after each and every combat. It's the way you are meant to do it, and besides, you may forgot to go back to it later then end up being flanked.

Timed Games:
These add a lot of excitement, but if you time out you lose, so don't time out! Often I will go right to the wire. Early on I will think a fair bit about what I am doing as mistakes then can cost you the game, but later as time starts running low I will try to keep my turns as short as possible. If you only have a few minutes left, don't do unimportant actions or those that will take a while. Think ahead as much as you can during your opponent's turns, and get dice ready to roll.

Never initiate more than you have time to do. If you are down to less than a minute, don't charge anything! You really won't have time to roll all those dice. Complete a quick maneuver or two or maybe a war engine attack and that's about it.

End Game:
As the final turns draw to a close, prioritize grabbing those objectives or wiping out the most expensive enemy units you can. Try to finish off damaged units over attacking something undamaged and hoping to get lucky.

Sportsmanship:
After all that, the golden rule is this: be kind to your opponents. If they make a mistake (i.e. forget to move something or forget to shoot etc.), offer to let them take it back/do it now. They may not take you up on it, but it's the offer that counts. Often you will find they do the same for you, and everyone has more fun rather than getting frustrated.

Do this even at tournaments, as at the end of the day, winning is less important than making sure you both have a good time. ▪

Painting WIP the Half-Cast and the Smelling Tide.

By Darren Lysenko

"Deck the halls with boughs of holly! Fa-la-la -la-laa-la-la-la-la!"

STOP!!! THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH OF THAT!

Right. Okay. This was never *meant* to be a 'Christmas' miniature. It really wasn't. But since photos of it were published here in Ironwatch a couple of months ago, I've been getting lots of comments about how 'Christmas-y' it actually looks. Okay, I admit it, the blue glow and the purple and the green do give it a very festive palette and, yes, the orclings are arranged in a manner which is very reminiscent of a Christmas tree, but...

Alright, I give up. If you all insist, then this was definitely, absolutely, completely, *always* intended to be a Christmas miniature.

Festive or not, it was certainly a challenge to paint, mainly because then entire model was already assembled as one piece, meaning that a lot of the detail was quite tricky to get to. For this reason, it was pretty easy to

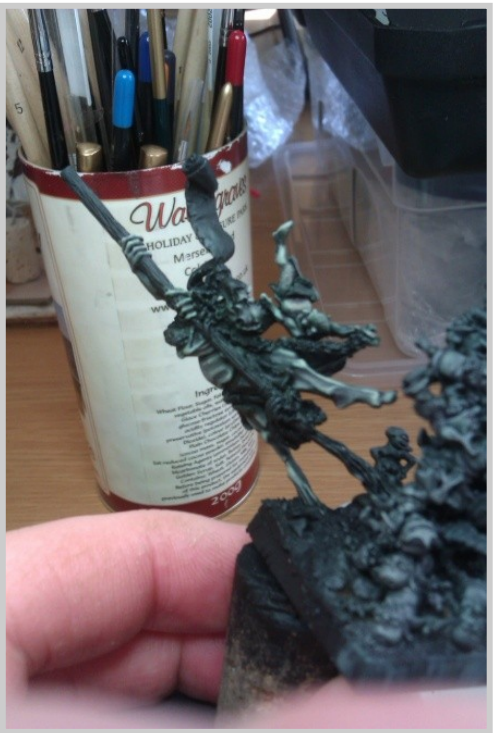
choose a black undercoat over a white one. I don't really have a preference either way with regard to undercoat color; I generally use whichever I think will most benefit the miniature I'm painting.

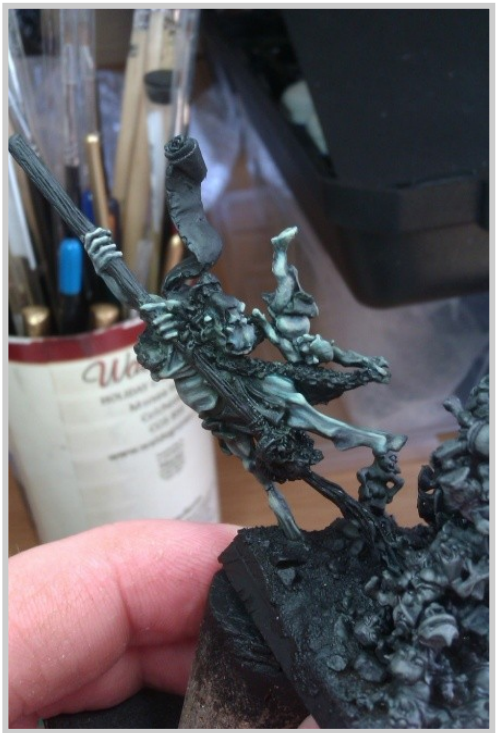
The first area I approached was the skin. As it was the most prominent area on the model, it would allow me to get the tone exactly as I wanted it and then work the rest of the colors around it. Now, before I go any further, I must put my hands up and admit to completely stealing this method of painting skin from an excellent painter called Jason Martin. All of his models are tremendous, but his mastery of orc skin is something that completely blew me away, and I was determined to try it. I've changed a very few bits in terms of the colors used, but if you like the look of the finished skin, all the credit has to go to him. And you should definitely check out more of his work on the web!

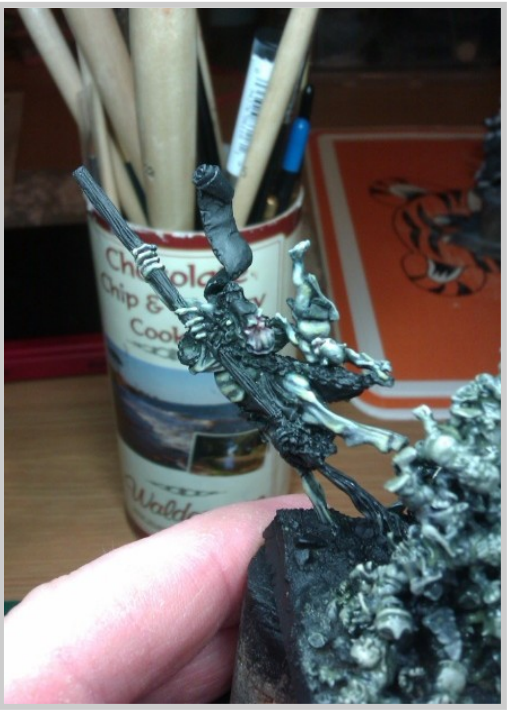
The images above show the initial stages of the flesh. I began by adding a touch of black to *Catachan Green* and applying it as a basecoat over several thin layers (*left*). I find that for things like skin, a good way to help the blending is to thin my paints with *Lahmian Medium* rather than simply using water. Medium is great for a few reasons, the main of which is that it dries much slower than water, meaning you can spend longer blending with your brush on the miniature before the paint becomes unworkable. I then (again over several thin layers) built the skin up to pure *Catachan Green*, leaving the basecoat visible in only the deepest recesses (*center*). Finally, I built up to a nice level of highlighting by gradually adding more and more *Elf Flesh* into the *Catachan Green* and painting the most prominent areas (*right*).

Liche Purple and black were added into the basecoat mix and glazed into the recesses (*above left*). It's important to note that this wasn't a 'wash', but instead the paint was thinned with medium and carefully painted into the recesses over many, many layers. I then repeated this with pure black in the deepest recesses (*above right*).

I made another glaze, this time of *Catachan Green* and *Liche Purple* and painted it upwards from the recesses to the highlights (*below left*) before following this with a highlight of *Catachan Green* mixed with *Iced Blue* (*below center*). Finally, I lined black into the deepest recesses and around the edges before re-applying the highlights (*below right*).

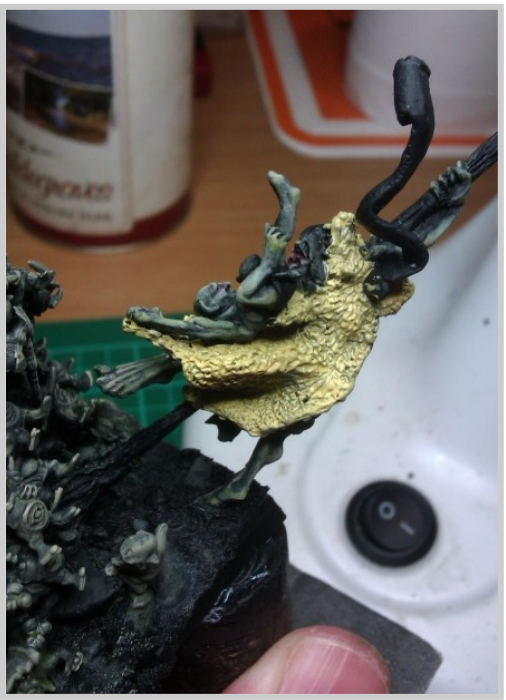


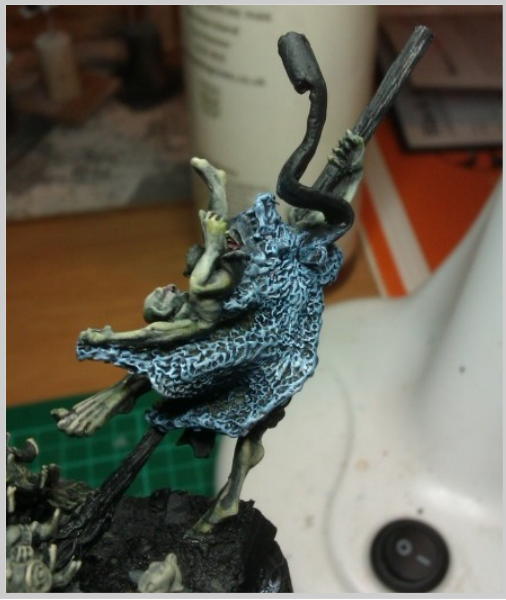




Next, I began to add a little more 'life' to the skin by glazing *Liche Purple* around the face, concentrating on the area under the eyes (*above left*). I then did the same with *Blood Red* (*above center*). I next glazed the more prominent areas with a mix of *Catachan Green* and *Golden Yellow* before once more reapplying the highlights (*above right*).

Once the skin was completed, I started to work on Wip's cloak. I base coated it with a mix of *Catachan Green*, *Graveyard Earth* and *Ceramite White* before applying a heavy wash of *Nuln Oil* (*below left and center*). I then drybrushed the cloak with progressively lighter coats of *Shadow Grey*, then *Space Wolves Grey* and then pure white (*below right*).





After that, I applied a thinned wash of *Drakenhof Nightshade* (*above left*) before building up the highlights with *Administratum Grey* and then pure white (*above center*). Finally, I glazed the whole cloak with *Shadow Grey* (*above right*).

To paint the staff (*below left*), I started with a basecoat of *Scorched Brown* before gradually adding more and more *Snakebite Leather* to build up the highlights. Once I was highlighting with virtually pure *Snakebite Leather*, I started to add *Bubonic Brown* and then pure white to get lots of contrast. To finish, I glazed the staff with *Waywatcher Green* and then *Drakenhof Nightshade*. After the staff was complete, I began to work on the metallics. I kept these relatively simple, first basecoating with *Leadbelcher* and washing with *Drakenhof Nightshade* (*below center*), and then highlighting with *Ironbreaker* before adding an extreme highlight of pure white (*below right*).

With most of the main areas of the miniature finished, it was time to start polishing off the rest. For the purple (*above left*), I base coated with *Liche Purple* and then blended up to *Warlock Purple* and then to pure white by gradually adding more and more to the mix. To smooth the blending, I then glazed the areas with *Liche Purple*. The tongues and inner mouths (*above center*) were painted with *Red Gore* before being blended up to pure *Bleached Bone* and then washed with *Leviathan Purple*. I painted the teeth, bone and scroll (*above right*) all using a similar technique. I began by base coating with a mix of *Scorched Brown* and *Codex Grey* before washing with a mix of *Scorched Brown* and *Chaos Black*. Once it was dry, I highlighted up over several stages with pure *Codex Grey*, *Fortress Grey*, *Dheneb Stone* and finally pure white. For the smaller areas such as teeth, I skipped a few of these stages though!

To finish off the final stages, I first painted the base (*above left*) by drybrushing with *Bubonic Brown* followed by *Bleached Bone*. Afterwards, I applied a relatively thin wash of *Drakenhof Nightshade* before reapplying the *Bleached Bone* drybrush. The flame from the staff (*above center*) was simply worked up from *Ultramarines Blue* to pure white over several stages. Once that was done, I could finally get around to doing the bit that I'd been looking forward to most throughout this whole project: the object-source lighting, or *OSL* (*above right*).

Painting the blue glow from the flames on this miniature was probably much simpler than most people would imagine, and, once more, it all comes down to glazes.

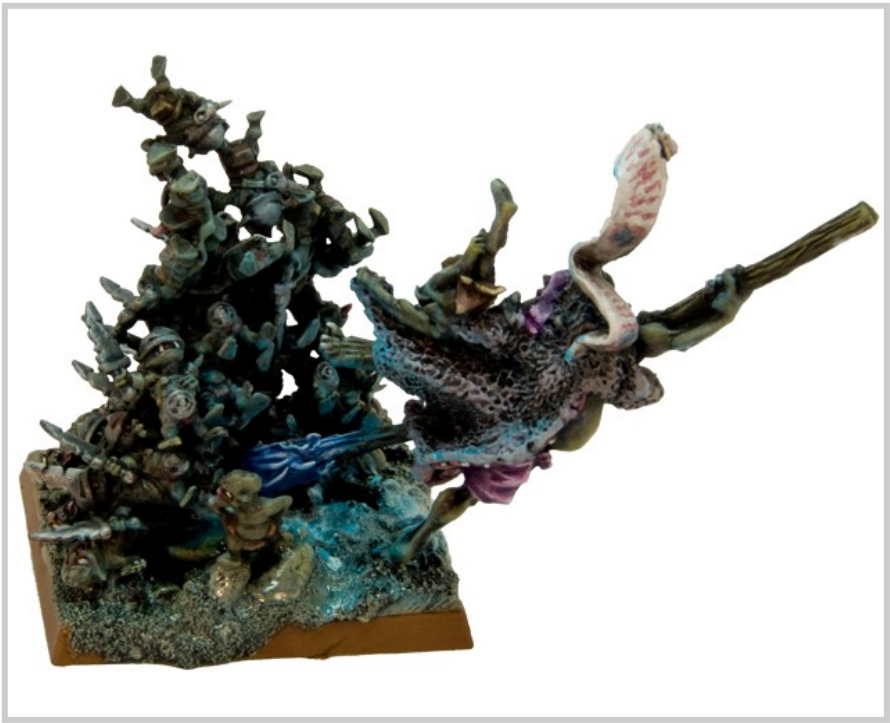
I've used the term a great deal in this article, but what actually is a glaze?

A glaze, in many ways, is the equal and opposite to a wash. Equal in that it's extremely thinned paint, but opposite in its application. Generally, a wash is used to add shading to a miniature, whereas a glaze is used to add or accentuate color. Many washes tend to be haphazardly sloshed over an area of the miniature, allowing it to sink into the recesses and dry there. Glazes on the other hand should be painted on, very carefully and gradually, with barely a trace of them leaving your brush with any given stroke.

That is how I built up the lighting on this miniature. It was done with nothing more than pure *Ice Blue*, thinned down so that it was almost as clear as water, gently brushed onto the more prominent areas that would catch the light. I probably only used about ten or fifteen layers to get the effect shown here, but I've heard of some painting masters using upwards of eighty or even more almost transparent coats to get a perfect blend for their effect!

Finally, you'll find a reminder of the finished *very festive* miniature on the next page. The only thing missing is the snow!

Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!



The Ledger Part 1

By "Owesome"

The day the plague came was the day we died. Now we're just marking time until they fill in the graves.

Red licked the tip of her pencil. Too dramatic? Maybe. But it felt right. If she was going to keep a war journal it had to have a killer first line, right? Right.

If I live to be 100, I'll never forget the first monster I saw. Flesh and bone plates twisted and gnarled, like a Mawbeast chewed up a whole chicken and spat it out in the form of seven feet of hatred. Pink and oozing, it's claws gutted Frank before he had a chance to run.

OK, even she knew that was pretty bad. Too much purple prose, for one thing.

We never should have opened that box. And because we did, we've killed this whole world.

She looked up from the battered notebook she'd found on the last supply raid. Her crew were still tense; life in the 'Zone did that to you. Even on downtime you were just waiting for the roar of an Alpha, or the whine of an Enforcer jump pack. Hun'jil was on watch and he had a good eye, but even so every moment of rest felt like a prelude to violence.

Tapyu and Emma were polishing the Party Cannon, making sure it was serviced as best

By Grant Mahoney

By Pete Kijek

they could. Tapyu's skin had seen better days. Her species needed more water than most, and with not enough water to go around she was starting to flake, like a full body dandruff, the poor blue bastard.

Fuz'jil had his headphones on, listening to God knows what. Yn'dij music ran at 400 beats per minute, and that was the *slow dance* tempo. His tail was twitching in time to the beat, and Red swore that if he kept that up it'd fall right off.

Kezcheck the Sorak and Billy the Teraton were playing chess, balancing the board on a depowered Survey drone. Billy had carved out some crude pieces from scrap metal, and he and Kezcheck had a running rivalry. They'd talk gambits and opening plays the whole way through missions if Red would let them, the maniacs.

Red tucked the journal back into her coat pocket and picked up her gun. She worked the safety and checked the clip – four rounds left, no spares – and slapped it back in, working the slide with a satisfying click.

She'd seen movement.

The camp was in a warehouse with a broken glass ceiling, open to the clear sky above. Hun'jil was on the roof, alert as ever, but he didn't have good sightlines to the interior of the building. Unless Red missed her guess, a damn Enforcer recon sneak had used this to get in through a window and lurk in the rafters.

He had a camo field, but they weren't infallible. You just had to watch for the way the light went *sideways* when it hit the field, making your eyes water.

Still acting all casual-like, Red lifted the rifle up and made like she was checking the

sights, inspecting the alignment. Making sure she pointed it away from the sneak, she looked down the scope, before quickly swinging it to where the prick's center mass should be –

A loud 'crack' of gunfire sounded micro-seconds before she pulled the trigger. She felt a whistle of air on her cheek as a high-velocity round struck the stone behind her head, shrapnel digging into her cheek. She felt blood – not a lot, but blood – on her face.

Her own shot hit. The camo field fizzed out and the scout dropped ten feet to the floor. The crew jumped up at the sound, guns out. Well, except Fuz'jil, who probably thought the gunshots were part of his music or some crap. She had to have a word or ten with him later.

Emma was first to the sneak's side, Red not far behind. The mousy blonde girl dropped to her knees and examined the wound while Red kept the rifle on his face.

"What the-" Billy started to say.

"Can the chatter, Rebs," Red shot back. "Sweep the area. Where one rat's hiding more are sure to follow."

The rest of the squad – including Fuzzy, kicked to alertness by Billy – scattered and spread out, looking for trouble.

"He's in a bad way, boss," Emma said. She was wrestling with one of the armor plates – it had a ragged hole in it, and while it was designed to be able to be removed in an emergency, only a Corporation medic had the unlock code. She forced it open with a mighty pull, and had a look at the damage. "You tagged him good, right in the lung. Medikit can stabilize him, but it's your call."

"You hear that, kid?" Red said, pulling out her pistol and kneeling down to their prisoner's level. "We can patch you up, send you home, you get to sit out the rest of this cluster-fraj in a nice cushy Corporation hospital… you just gotta make it worth my while."

"Go… to… hell…" the scout spat back, through labored breaths.

"Already there, kid, already there." She

By "TSNC"

By "Daedle"

sighed. He really was just a kid, maybe 18, 19 at most. Probably from a poor neighborhood, signed up to get out, see the galaxy, and now he was gonna bleed to death in a dirty warehouse out of a misplaced sense of loyalty to a Corporation that saw him only as a product or a consumer. It was a damn shame.

She leaned in closer. "Kid, I'm not gonna torture you. It ain't lady-like, you'll bleed all over the place, and I already got enough bad memories to last me a lifetime. Emma, here, she's a bit more impatient than I am. 'Forcers killed her sister at a, what was it?"

"Fair wages protest, boss," Emma's blue eyes hardened. "She tried to unionize the dockworkers at Holifaux Spaceport, got a bullet for her troubles."

"So as you might appreciate, she's got some anger to work through, and, I dunno. She feels the need to maybe work on her issues with you, I'm not gonna be happy, but I'm not gonna stop her."

"Screw… you, Rebel… crudders…" the scout said, followed by a wet chesty cough.

"Your call, kid." Red shrugged. "Emma, you wanna make our guest comfortable, I'm gonna check on the boys."

She got up, brushing off her brown overcoat. She didn't get more than two paces before the kid changed his mind.

"Wait… come back… I'll… I'll talk, just-"

Red spun on her heel. Emma was already breaking open their last medkit, getting a synthskin bandage ready and cleaning the wound with the last of their saline. Red knelt by the scout's head, and disconnected the com link from his armor.

"Thanks kid. Now I figure we got ten minutes to scramble before your backup gets here, so talk fast. I don't like what I'm hearing, well, I'd rather use this oxytube on my guys than you, so…"

"Just routine… patrol, didn't know… you'd be here."

Emma sighed. "That's crap, boss. Nearest 'Forcer base is a thousand clicks from here. Plague already moved through this sector, nothing here but scrap."

The scout's eyes flickered from Emma to Red, the sweat on his dark skin pouring out. He must've gone helmetless for the peripheral vision. Red could see the VR HUD contact lenses in place, giving his eyes a greenish tint. The wound was clean, and Emma had the unopened bandage in her hand. Red picked up a syringe and a morphine ampoule and held them before the kid's face.

"Son, you've gotta do better than that. Why're you and your team here again?" Red shook the morphine ampoule slightly to emphasize her point.

He closed his eyes, his training and loyalty warring with his desire to not bleed out.

"There's a ledger," he said. "Loans and payments. Between the 'Corp… and local banks, intergalactic traders… didn't upload to the main servers before the Plague hit."

Red whistled as she gave the kid the morphine, nodding to Emma who put the bandage on. She broke the seal on it and placed it over the wound, a faint electrical crackle sound barely audible as the electro-static seal kicked into place. The scout relaxed visibly.

"Ledger has maybe a couple trillion of loan data on it," the kid continued. "HQ doesn't… get it, all that money… records lost, has to go to… arbitration… cheaper to get us to get it back."

"Attaboy." Red looked at Emma, who was just hooking the oxytube to the guy's nose. It was almost time to go. "You know where it is?"

"Classified… all I know is… one of the downtown offices… could be any of 'em, please…"

Red reached into the kid's belt and thumbed the emergency beacon for him. "Pack it up, Emma. He'll live. Tell the boys we're striking camp and heading downtown."

The boy looked like he'd just crudded his own bed. Corporation indoctrination was a hell of a drug. When Emma had moved out of earshot, she leaned down to his ear.

By Pete Kijek

"You don't have to tell them, kid. Just say we shot you, we ran, we left behind a med-pack…"

"Easy for you… to say. Sergeant Klinko, he got this… way about him, y'know?

Red shrugged. "Your call. What's yer name?"

By Paul Scott

"Private… Jones. Jim Jones, ma'am."

"You look after yerself, Jim Jones, 'cos the Corp sure won't. Believe me, I should know."
"Thank… thank you. For this. For the meds. I don't…" he screwed up his face in pain.

"Just maybe aim a little to the left next time you're shooting at us and we'll call it even, huh?" Red flashed him a smile, finding something funny in the mental picture. "Gotta go now. Take it easy, and I'm sure we'll see ya round, Jim Jones."

She stood up just as Hun'jil came back in. He was frowning. Probably didn't see the point of wasting their last meds on a 'Forcer. She didn't blame him. Honey had a lot more reason to hate the Corp than even Emma did. He still whimpered in his sleep.

"Ready to move out, Boss," he said, in a loud whisper, glancing at where Private Jones was lying. Shrapnel from a frag grenade had torn out his vocal cords some years back, leaving his voice a quiet but commanding ragged whisper. "But, downtown? That sector's still Plague'd out, and we're not exactly sitting pretty in terms of supplies…"

"The Corp is here because they need something. If we want to hurt the Corp, we get there first. Simple as that."

Hun'jil nodded. He might not agree, but he wasn't going to argue the point in front of the rest of the squad.

The crew was ready, and she gave the order to double-time it out of there. She finally reached up to her cheek – shrapnel from the rock was still embedded in there, and something had ripped off her earlobe. She fumbled in her pockets and found a grubby hanky she could staunch the bleeding with.

Hun'jil wasn't the only one unhappy with patching up the scout. She caught Billy and Tapyu muttering to each other, and Kezcheck was glaring daggers at her. That was fine. Red would have to give them a talking to later, something about compassion and honor and crud like that. About how they had to be better than the 'Forcers, because otherwise, what was the crudding point?

Just because we're dead already, she thought, *doesn't mean we have to act like it.*

****

By Rogue General Hunter

The team marched through the ruins of the city. It was hard to believe that only a week ago the neocrete habtainers were unblemished and intact: the desperate defence by the High Marshall's private guard and the claws of the creatures unleashed by the Artifact had both taken their toll. Hun'jil and Fuz'jil were scouting ahead, their superior agility letting them pick their way through the ruins better than the others.

Red was deep in thought. Taking care of the wounded scout wouldn't slow down the Enforcers much at all, and her team was in no shape to be tangling with the Corporation's hardened killers. Not to mention what would happen if they ran into any infected on the way.

Was she being selfish? She felt like she had a lot to prove. The Rebellion had taken a chance on her, when she'd been picked up exhausted and terrified after a week of hiding from those *things.* Truth be told, she

may have over-sold her experience slightly. But if she could come back with both the research and with leverage over some of the bigger firms in this sector of space, then they'd have to accept her permanently, right?

Tapyu the Sphyr jogged up to where Red was taking point. She scratched behind her head, blue flakes of skin raining down at her feet.

"Boss," she said, nervously, "I got to say I'm not too happy about this change in mission."

Red shook her head. She'd been afraid of this. "How do you mean?"

"Command sent us out here because you said you could find some hard data about the Plague. You said your sister was on the archaeological team that found the Pandora artifact, and that you knew where her research would be."

"That's true."

"So this little side trip to play Robin Hood for people we don't even know is because..."

"Following the money trail." Red shifted her rifle to her shoulder. "Sis always said that it was almost like the Shunzay Corporation knew what they would find there. They hired her company to dig in just that spot, and the odds for Shunzay not being a dummy or front for someone - well, I wouldn't pick up shares in that venture.

"The contract should be registered on the bank's registry. I'm hoping that someone at the Rebellion used to be a forensic account in a previous life, see if we can find out who knows more than they should about this Plague."

Tapyu grunted, looking thoughtful. "I still think we need to clear it with Command."

"Negative," Red said. "Next scheduled check in isn't 'til 0600, and I don't want to burn any uplink time I don't have to. If there's too much chatter..."

"Then the Enforcers can pinpoint our comsat, and shoot it down, or worse decrypt it," Tapyu finished. "Makes sense. I'm still not happy about it."

"I promise, if it's not a milk run, we'll abort."

"Uh-huh." Tapyu scratched her scalp again. "I've heard that before."

By Pete Kijek

By "badgertheking"

Fuzzy signalled a halt. The squad had been picking their way through a commercial sector, moving from one ruined store front to another. Kezchek had picked up a few trifles, and Tapyu a much needed bottle of water.

"I can't believe you picked up a toy robot," Honey said to Kezchek.

"It's a limited edition!" the Sorak countered. "And it transforms into a hovertank!"

"Can it," Fuz'jil said. "This is the financial district. Red, are you sure that 'Forcer pup didn't give you anything more to go on?"

"Negative," Red replied. "Billy, how much fuel has the drone got left?"

The teraton tapped the fuel gauge on the side of the survey drone. "Five hours' worth tops." He made a thoughtful sounding rumbling noise in his gullet. "It sounds like a lot, but we'll need to keep some aside for the primary objective."

"Agreed." Red pulled her tac-slab out of her coat. The screen had cracked at some point and the compass pointed 30 degrees off of true north, and the downloaded maps were civilian traffic maps from before the Plague, but it still worked. She input the wake-up codes for Robbie the Robot, their trusty survey drone, and the team shuffled back while it's pulse-engine went through it's warm-up routine.

"I'll send Robbie on a circuit, see if we can't pinpoint which office blocks housed finance companies or share brokers." The pulse-engine was reporting green across the board, so Red signalled for take-off, plotting some waypoints for the AI to fly between.

Fuz'jil gestured to a two storey building across the street. "We should set up over there, on the roof, for the time being," he said, in his sandpapery voice. Red nodded acknowledgement and the squad moved out.

Counting on the squad to keep an eye out, Red kept half an eye on the drone's camera feed. As a rule, the financial companies on a colony tended to occupy the tallest buildings in a perpetual 'who's bigger, mine is' contest. The financial sector tended to follow new colonists like hyenas followed a lion pride – settlement companies offered shares in the venture as part of the settler recruitment package, as an incentive to stay on and work through the hardest part of a new colony's

set-up. Trade in resource futures soon developed too, with Houses trying to corner the output of a new colony and on-sell the hypothetical future wealth before the colony collapsed or the early survey scans proved hopelessly optimistic. Red wondered if it was human nature, to gamble the net worth of entire planets this way – to turn the sweat and tears of the people on the ground to abstract derivative products amounting to numbers on a touchscreen and barter other people's futures a way.

Red shrugged. A month ago she wouldn't even have questioned it. Obviously she was hanging out with the wrong crowd.

Her introspection and focus on the drone meant she was completely unprepared when the Plaguehounds jumped them.

Billy had just opened the door to the fire escape they were going to take when the Plaguehound had jumped up at him. Instinctively the giant warrior swung his ceremonial wrist-blade toward the charging monster, and struck, point-first, right in its maw. The beast's momentum carried it forward, the blade's razor-sharp edge neatly bisecting the beast's head along the jaw-line. Red drew her pistol, moving the tac-slab to her off hand. Fuz'jil swung about and fired a few rounds to the squad's rear with his rifle, tagging two more of the mutated dogs as they came into the foyer of the building from the front door.

"Everyone, up the stairs," Red ordered. More dogs were visible through the miraculously un-cracked glass. "Billy, take the rear. Lay out the welcome mat then follow us up. Fuz'jil, you got point."

The Yn'dij nodded then scurried up the stairs, keeping a low profile. The rest of the squad followed as the Plague-riddled dogs started slamming themselves against the plate glass, trying to make a new entrance. Another came through the door just as Billy fired his wrist-mounted flamethrower, the flammable jelly settling on it and the mouldy carpet, moments before it ignited.

The hound yowled in pain, it's diseased flesh crackling in the heat. The rest of the pack yowled too, the dogs ramming the glass

By Ian Powell

stopping to mourn their pack-mate.

Red saw an ornate cigarette stand by the front counter, and pushed past Billy to get it. He moved to stop her but she ducked his fist, clipping the tac-slab to one of the magnetic patches on her belt. Two steps were all it took and she grabbed it, glancing at the pack while she rushed back to their exit.

The monsters had stopped, eerily silent while their companion cooked in the heat. They were shuddering in place, shivering like they had suddenly contracted a fever.

“Come on, Red!” Billy yelled, an angry rumble in his throat accentuating his displeasure. Red had stopped to stare at what the creatures were doing.

As she watched, cuts opened up on the beast’s flanks and joints. They didn’t bleed, but glistened grotesquely in the firelight, the muscular tissue red and throbbing. Suddenly, a mucous-like fluid welled up in the cuts and spread over the bodies of the hounds, quickly hardening in the air with a green sheen that reminded her of dried snot.

The lead dog took a tentative step into the flames, and did not burn.

“Holy crud,” Red muttered, and turned to run to the fire door where Billy waited. Without an order from her, Billy fired a grenade into where the pack was thickest, the explosion scattering the newly armoured and apparently fire-proof monsters in all directions.

She pushed past him and he slammed the door shut, jamming it in the frame. Red held up the cigarette stand.

“Nail it shut,” she said. Billy nodded, ripped off the base of it and used his prodigious strength to force the pole’s jagged edge through the hardened plastic and into the door jamb.

“It won’t hold forever,” Billy warned as they took the steps two at a time to rejoin the others.

“It won’t have to,” Red said. “Is this office going to burn down around us?”

Billy’s throat made a few staccato bursts that

By Pete Kijek

By Steicy Jourdan

Red took to be laughter. “The fire won’t spread beyond the jelly. I’ll need five minutes to reload the cartridges on the launchers, though.”

“You’ll get it.” Red furrowed her brow. *Instantaneous mutation in response to external stimuli,* she thought. The samples she’d seen back in the lab hadn’t been that fast, hadn’t been that *specific.* In tests, if you had damaged a sample with hydrochloric acid you were as likely to get prehensile tentacles as you were to get damaged tissue repaired. Was it because the infection had been active longer?

Was the infection learning?

The squad had set up on the roof. Tapyu and Emma were loading the Party Cannon with one of the few TA-Zero missiles they had left. Kezchek was laying sporadic suppressive fire down on the Plaguehound pack, the concussive blasts from his rifle keeping them disorganised. Fuzzy and Honey had secured the walkway to the next building, just in case any more Plague forms were across the way. Billy kept watch on the stairwell – nothing was getting past the teraton in a hurry.

The tac-slab beeped insistently at her – she realized, belatedly, that it had been beeping at her the whole way up the stairs. She unhooked it from her belt.

The AI in the drone had completed its sweep. Of the three likely office buildings, only one was intact, the Weststar Conglomerated Alliance, and Robbie had helpfully identified a route that ran mostly along walkways and roof-tops to get there.

Robbie also had a sub-routine that kept an eye open for hostile contacts, helpfully marking the tactical map with a red dot corresponding with size and last time recorded – most recent contacts in bright red, fading to pink as time went on, with speed and direction noted where available.

The streets around them were an ocean of red dots, all converging on the building they were in. Red felt the colour drain from her face.

Tapyu noticed. “What’s the problem, boss?” The TA-Zero was assembled and loaded. She

By Pete Kijek

patted it fondly, leaving Emma to haul it onto her shoulder. Tapyu stood and approached Red. Hun'jil looked away from the neighbouring rooftop, noticed the look on Red's face, and came over to check what was wrong.

Red wordlessly turned the tac-slab around so they could both see the situation. Tapyu laughed, mirthlessly.

"Some milk run, boss," she said. "So, what's the plan?"

Red said nothing.

"If there's this many plague forms here," Hun'jil offered, "There's got to be an Alpha. Look at this coordination. We've seen them without stars to guide them – if we can cut off the head…"

"…then the body will die," Red finished. "I'll tell Robbie to scout for the largest contact. Billy needs to reload, and then we'll move out."

The teraton nodded and got to work, still keeping watch on the stairwell.

Dear Diary, Red thought, punching in Robbie's new instructions. *Today, I wasted valuable medical supplies on an enemy and led my squad into a death trap. On the plus side, today can only improve.*

She wished she were as confident as she pretended to be. Most of all, she wished she had never opened that damn box. ▪

By Christian Schlumpberger

Inside:

The Iron Brock

Learn how the custom flying machine of the Dwarven armies is made, and use the rules included to rain your own destruction on your foes...

Painting Wip the Half-Cast

See the step-by-step guide to painting this detailed miniature, and learn how to do it yourself...

Kings of War Tactica

Daniel “Darklord” King, a UK Kings of War champion, shares some of his tips and tricks when playing your own games of Kings of War...

THE LEDGER

Enjoy the first installment of a new sci-fi short story, as a ragtag group of Rebs explores the perils of a Deadzone...

And much more!